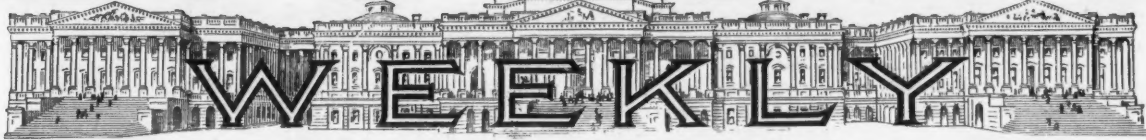


"THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS," by A. CONAN DOYLE. Illustrated by Mrs. Alice Barber Stephens.

LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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Edwin A. Curtis

THE REPUBLICAN MAYOR-ELECT OF THE CITY OF BOSTON.—PHOTOGRAPH BY CHICKERING.—[SEE PAGE 426.]

The election of Mr. Curtis, on a platform pledged to municipal reform, shows that the Republican tidal wave did not spend its force in the general elections of November last, when it engulfed the enemies of good government in so many other States and cities.

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Go to the Bottom.



THE Legislative inquiry into the official corruptions in this city to be suspended? There can be no doubt that a suspicion is gaining ground that a halt has been called, and that there is a purpose on the part of some influential persons to prevent, if possible, any further explorations of the recesses of municipal pollution and debauchery.

Some facts within public knowledge certainly justify this suspicion. And it is easy to understand why people of a certain sort should desire that the work should be stopped. So long as only the small sinners were endangered, the investigation was well enough, but now that the big ones are in jeopardy, it must be arrested, strangled, ended, at any and every cost.

This is the opinion and the purpose of the chiefs of the freebooting gang who have for years rioted in licentiousness and pillage, and of their tools and sympathizers in both political parties. It is not the wish or purpose of the people who, the other day, condemned by an overwhelming vote the whole pernicious system which these plunderers and bosses have built up. The people meant what they said when they declared by their votes that the last vestige of the evil bondage to which they had been subjected must be swept away, and that the work of inquiry and exposure must go on until every man who has conspired or shared in the villainies which have made us a byword and a hissing is brought to punishment. They will not recede from that position. The attempts of managing politicians to baffle their purpose will only intensify their determination. They demand that the probe shall be driven to the core of the disease, no matter who may be hurt in the process. It is the baldest nonsense to pretend that the bottom of the pool of municipal corruption and vice has been reached. The disclosures in reference to the sale of police captaincies, and the testimony showing that checks of certain contractors, made payable to the chief Tammany magnate, were deposited by him in his bank, prove conclusively that there are lower depths which must be explored if we would discover the principal conspirators against good and honest government. These conspirators must be dragged to the light. If the Lexow committee cannot do it because of indisposition to prosecute the investigation or because of a limitation of its powers, then another committee must be raised for the purpose, or legislation had which will provide for a continuance of the quest by other methods and along the broadest lines.

It must not be said, and it will not be said, that there is "influence" enough—any man with a "pull" strong enough, anywhere in this metropolis—to make impossible the full triumph of civic righteousness and the consignment to his right place of every scoundrel, big or little, who has profited by the rule of the Tammany brigands and their contemptible Republican allies.

The Weakness of Overstatement.



THE reformers in a democratic country do a work that is more valuable than pleasant. They seldom receive as many thanks as they deserve, but not infrequently they cultivate their disposition to reform things until it becomes a habit obnoxious to the community and disagreeable to everybody except the reformers themselves. This is a great pity, for the things that need to be reformed in the business,

political, and social worlds are very many, and the necessity for amendment is both urgent and immediate. But the professional reformers appear, by some odd dispensation, to become more easily self-righteous than their less earnest neighbors, and a little success puffs them up until they seem to really believe that there is no such thing as honest difference of opinion, and that all who disagree with them in any regard whatever are not only hopelessly wrong, but totally bad and dishonest.

Every close observer has noticed the inability of the reformer, when the habit has become confirmed in him, to

see the correct relation of things to one another. In his self-conceit he exaggerates the importance of those things that please him and also magnifies the immorality of that which he opposes. The habitual reformer, therefore, quickly becomes addicted to the very silly weakness of overstatement of facts, and in all of his arguments he uses this sword of lath both in offensive and defensive warfare. This is especially apt to be the case with the newspaper which sets out to reform the world along its own peculiar lines.

Here, for example, is the *Evening Post* of this city. What is its attitude toward the public? We believe that the editor of that journal has a sincere desire to advocate the gentleman-like view of every question, whether of politics, business, or society. And we further believe that ordinarily he comes more nearly to this mark than very many others. We believe that he starts into every argument and every controversy with the intention of being fair in his statements and honorable in his methods. But when he is once in, when his fighting blood gets warm, when his "Irish dander" is up, he appears to forget everything except that heads are to be broken and faces smashed. With his sword of lath, however, he does less real damage than he fancies, though to be sure such blows in their insolence are offensive and disagreeable to the individuals who receive them. Take the case of any politician whom the *Evening Post* opposes. It always says that such a person is an ignorant blackguard, a bully, personally dishonest, the companion of disreputable persons, and so on; if his name be Edward the paper speaks of him as "Ed" or "Eddie," as though such a diminutive fixed the disreputable status of the man for all time. Sometimes, indeed frequently, nearly all that the *Evening Post* says is true and entirely warranted by the record, but with the growth of the reforming spirit the power of discrimination appears to decline, for every now and again the editor says just such things of men who are entirely respectable—men who live blameless lives and command the regard of all who know them. The consequence of such silly overstatements is obvious. Men lose confidence in the honesty and fairness of the critic, and the cause he serves is injured rather than promoted.

Take another instance. The *Evening Post* would reform out of existence college athletics, and specially college foot-ball, and so the editor buckles on his wooden sword and slashes right and left against all who disagree with him. Within a few weeks past he has grossly libeled the captain of the Yale foot-ball team, and has intimated that every mother's son who disagreed with him in regard to this contention was either an ass, a liar, or a brute. The outcome of such wholesale denunciation is the opposite of what was intended, for even those who formerly were not inclined to like foot-ball, and those who deprecate its tendency to roughness, feel impelled by a sense of justice, and a disposition to help those wrongly attacked, to defend it and support it. No sane man really believes that the young men at Yale, Harvard, and Princeton are brutes, or that their bent is toward brutality. On the contrary, everybody knows that they are splendid types of American youth, and that in their hands and those of their contemporaries in the other colleges the gentility of the future is safe. The editor of the *Evening Post* writes with a trenchant skill almost unsurpassed, but notwithstanding this, and even though he was more than half right in the outset, he has been put in the wrong, if he has not been silenced, in this foot-ball controversy by the most dunder-headed reporter who ever conducted in any journal a department devoted to sport. The dunder-head stuck closely to facts; the brilliant editor resorted very largely to overstatements and to angry denunciation. The instances could be multiplied but it is not necessary. Those we have given are quite sufficient to prove that overstatements only weaken the cause which they are intended to strengthen, and that lying is lying even when prompted and inspired by zealous righteousness and a desire to correct the abuses which impede the reformation of a tolerably wicked world.

New Southern Leaders.

ONE of the coming men of the South, unless all signs are deceptive, is Mr. Marion Butler, the Populist leader of North Carolina. Mr. Butler is only thirty-one years of age, but he has developed abilities of the highest order as an organizer and manager of men, and in his State is recognized as a master force in current politics. He was the chief organizer of the fusion movement which lately swept the State, breaking the Democratic machine into flinders, and stands avowedly for ideas of progress, pure elections, and the right of the people to govern. He is a type of the numerous class of young and aspiring men in the South who have tired of the rule of the Bourbons and mean to place their section squarely in line with the advancing thought and impulses of the time. Mr. Butler will, it is expected, be elected to the United States Senate as the successor of Mr. Ransom, and there can be no doubt that he will in that body command respect and influence.

The change which is going on in North Carolina is undoubtedly much more thorough than has been generally supposed. A *Tribune* correspondent, recently dispatched to make a careful and exhaustive study of the situation, gives some conclusive testimony on this point. We quote:

"One of the most earnest Democrats in Raleigh said to me: 'The revolution will clear the air. People were weary of hearing war-talk

from the veterans. Senator Ransom has not been able to make a speech for twenty years without ringing the changes on the Confederate cause. Men have reached a point where they will not listen to the brigadiers. They don't want to hear anything more about what happened before, during or after the war. They insist upon the retirement of the old leaders who are behind the times. New men will be brought to the front, and that will be a great gain. Democracy has ceased to be progressive, and that is fatal to its claim of being the party of superior intelligence in the South.'

"Talk of that kind is to be heard on every side, and it denotes that the fusion movement has imparted an impulse to new ideas in North Carolina. Mr. Butler believes that it will accomplish the complete reformation of the politics of the State. The fusion Legislature will enact new registration and election laws, which will make it possible for every man, black or white, to cast his ballot and to have it counted. That was the main issue of the election, and the Legislature will redeem its pledges. . . . Free silver did not enter into the recent canvass, nor were any of the follies and vagaries of the Omaha platform discussed. It was a fight for honest elections and home rule. It was a ring-smashing battle, with justice and righteousness on the side of the victors. The fusion movement here promises to accomplish wholesome reforms, and it ought not to be hastily condemned as a dangerous or immoral compromise. It may be the sign of political redemption and of progress in self-government in the South."

The Republican Tariff Position.



OME of our esteemed Democratic contemporaries have been greatly elated over certain alleged expressions of the chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee to the effect that a large majority of Republicans are opposed to the McKinley tariff, and that "McKinleyism" undoubtedly caused Republican defeat in 1892. The gentleman to whom these statements are attributed declares unqualifiedly that he never made them; but that, of course, counts for nothing with our Democratic friends, who persist in repeating them as a Republican confession of failure and discontent.

The revenue reformers are egregiously mistaken—and they may as well understand the fact—if they suppose that there is any purpose on the part of the Republican party to recede from its historic position on the question of the tariff. It stands, and will continue to stand, uncompromisingly in favor of the policy of protection. It accepts the full responsibility of the McKinley act; it will resist any and all efforts to destroy or impair the principle which that act embodies. But it does not pretend to say that, with changing industrial conditions, readjustment of the terms of that law may not become permissible and desirable. Duties that are absolutely essential to-day may not be needed five years hence; rates that are high enough to-day may prove wholly inadequate under exigencies which may come with the future. The one object and purpose of Republican policy is to develop and strengthen home industries and protect and elevate American labor—to give to both industries and labor competing power in the markets of the world; so long as that supreme purpose is attained the details of legislation may be safely left to the determination of facts and circumstances as they arise. That is the Republican position, and that, we believe, is the position of a great majority of our people.

Child-life in Our Cities.



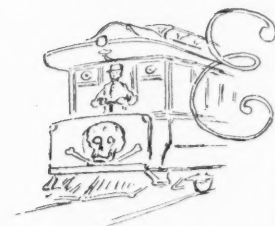
THE question of the improvement of the conditions of child-life in our large cities is attracting more and more the attention of thoughtful and humane citizens. It is coming to be understood that it has a very intimate relation, not only to the public morals, but to the whole problem of cleanly government and a pure civic life. There is no more serious menace to society and its institutional forms than is embodied in the conditions which stimulate vagrancy, ignorance, vice, and crime among the juvenile classes of our populous communities.

No organization, perhaps, is doing more to solve this problem along practical lines than the Children's Aid Society of this city. Its method is at once educational and reformatory. Last year it fed and clothed thirteen thousand children who enjoyed the advantages of its twenty-one industrial schools; fed, sheltered, and taught 6,349 others in its lodging-houses; and found homes and employment for 2,266. Among the most helpful agencies of the society are several evening schools which afford both instruction and recreation to girls employed in factories, and whose home surroundings are vicious and demoralizing. The results of the year's work, as shown in the lives of its beneficiaries, are described as most satisfactory. Effort along these lines must always re-enforce the moral power of community. But this beneficent work, important and considerable as it is, fails altogether to meet the real demands of the case. There are thousands of children who are reached by no reformatory influence; who are growing up under every possible pernicious influence; and the serious question is as to what shall be done for these. What shall we do with the older boys who wander the streets at night, homeless and helpless, and who, in the nature of things, in time drift away and become tramps and criminals? What is to become of the great army of girls and young women who throng our streets or questionable resorts, having within their reach no other and more elevating harbors of refuge and recreation? And if nothing is done for these classes, how can it be otherwise than that

community will reap a terrible harvest of evil—that the tone of the public morals will be debauched, that vice will grow and thrive, and that the security of the State will be endangered?

There is some ground for encouragement as to the future in the fact that the church is beginning to appreciate, more acutely and generally, than it has done in the past, the peculiar relation which it holds to this whole question of the rescue of our vagrant juvenile population. In all religious denominations efforts are making to get into practical touch with the masses; and more largely than ever before these efforts have solicitude for the children as an impelling if not a supreme motive. The sanctity of childhood is beginning to be recognized; it is amazing that men have ever forgotten that for nearly nineteen hundred years the touch of the Master's beneficent hand has rested upon it as a peculiar benediction. Bodies as well as souls are coming to be considered in all modern denominational schemes of benevolence. As yet, however, the methods of operation are largely defective; they lack unity and comprehensiveness; they are uncertain and erratic, where they ought to be definite and particular. As a consequence the results attained are in many cases inconclusive and inadequate. What is needed is a generous co-operation of men of all denominations along common lines, in the prosecution of a common, coherent, well-adjusted policy, broad enough to embrace, and forceful enough to reach and bring under wholesome influences, the whole friendless child-population of the city. What could not be accomplished if all the churches of New York, or any other populous city, Protestant and Catholic, uniting upon such a basis and backing their enterprise by the wealth at their command, as has been done by the Federation of East Side Workers in New York in its efforts for the poor, would address themselves honestly and energetically to the work of reclaiming these thousands of children who are being ensnared by the vices of city life? Christian men can combine for other purposes; why not for this? It need not be at all difficult to devise a scheme of co-operation which could be successfully applied to the solution of this serious problem, and if it is ever to be solved at all it must be done in this broad and catholic spirit.

Fenders for Street-cars.



VERY city in the United States is looking for a car-fender that will protect human life without being too great an incumbrance upon the car. In some cities the street-railway companies have undertaken investigations of all patents submitted to them. In other cities

official commissions have been appointed to find a suitable fender.

So far neither private search nor official inquiry has discovered a fender that is generally acceptable and absolutely efficient. The examinations have, however, seemingly established two negative propositions: First, that fenders cannot be relied upon to pick up a prostrate body, and second, that the fender may at times become a source of danger because it adds to the length of the car and makes possible miscalculations on the part of pedestrians crossing streets. An eminent engineer, who was at one time president of the American Society of Engineers, Mr. Mendes Cohen, makes a curious observation that the problem is almost identical with one presented for solution some sixty years ago, when the steam railways of the country, then few in number, found themselves in constant danger and subjected to much expense from cattle wandering on the railway tracks, which were unfenced. The difficulty, he says, was first successfully met on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, by the construction of a "cow-catcher," as it was then called and as it has since been known. This cow-catcher was five or six feet in length, and was a cumbersome affair. It succeeded in prolonging the life of the cattle a second or two, but generally they managed to get under the wheels. The next was a gridiron, five or six feet long, hinged from the front end of the locomotive, and furnished with pins and hooks to hold the animals when caught. This device saved the engine but generally killed the cows. The evolution went on until the engine of to-day is provided with a "pilot," an angular fender of only about three and a half feet extension, which projects from the locomotive. It is more of a protection to the engine than to anything it strikes, because a living creature coming in contact with it is generally killed.

Within the past five years, in the different cities of the United States nearly five hundred people have been killed by trolley- and cable-cars. In many instances the fatal results were unquestionably due to the lack of fenders. Juries have not been slow to charge street-railway companies and the officers and directors of these corporations with criminal negligence in running their cars at great speed without the proper protection to human life. Such a verdict was recently rendered against the Traction Company which operates the various trolley systems of Philadelphia, for twenty-six thousand dollars damages. An expert surgeon of Philadelphia, who is frequently called as a witness in such trials, says that there are now pending in

the courts of that city more than two hundred and fifty damage suits against the Traction Company.

Every day has a new victim in the records of rapid transit in one city or another, and in one year the fatalities are five times larger than in twenty years of the old horse-car service. The people will not much longer submit to the awful slaughter of human lives, especially of children and old people. It is impossible to believe that something more could not have been done by the corporations than has been done, and it is certainly evident that, after all the postponement and the continued loss of life, something will have to be done.

Undoubtedly the great expense of equipping the cars has much to do with the fact that the fenders have not been provided. It is even more difficult than the old fight against the car-stove, in which, it will be remembered, there were many postponements and several years of lost time; but as in that fight, so in this: the public must win in the end, and whoever of the several hundred hopeful inventors succeeds best in meeting the growing want ought to be one of the future millionaires of the country.

A "Christian" Landlord.



THE Trinity (Church) corporation is the second largest land-holder in this city. The minimum estimate of the value of its holdings is seventy-five million dollars, while the highest is nearly double that amount. Its annual income from its property, which includes one hundred and forty-eight tenement-houses, is something over six hundred thousand dollars. Recent disclosures show that while it is thus

second among land-holders and first among landlords of the poor, it is also among the worst and most inhuman. Very many of the buildings owned by it are utterly unfit for the occupancy of decent people. They are dilapidated, rickety, insecure, without any of the sanitary safeguards which are essential to health and comfort. Some have leaky roofs and foul cellars; filthy stairways and crumbling walls. Many of them are greatly overcrowded, the obvious policy of the corporation being to make every inch of space pay the largest possible revenue. The total population of the Trinity tenements is stated at 1,681, and the death-rate is nearly thirty-five per cent. higher than the general death-rate in the city. In most of the houses the only water supply is furnished by a hydrant in the yard, the corporation having refused to obey the orders of the health department and put in water on every floor. The hapless inmates, pent up in their wooden shells, are never reached by the sun or the pure air that fills broader spaces; and, so far as appears, their miseries and woes are a matter of perfect unconcern to the religious corporation whose tenants they are. Some of them state explicitly that complaints made with increasing emphasis from year to year have received no attention whatever. One tenant of a house which is occupied in part as an opium-den declares that for fifteen years ineffectual protests have been made to the agents. But this is not the only item in the indictment against Trinity. It appears that a number of the buildings owned by the corporation are let to persons who occupy them as low drinking-places, carrying on a traffic which ministers to everything that is vile and debasing.

What wonder that men scoff at Christianity when a great corporation representing a historic church and standing for the faith of the saints, not only puts itself on a level with the rapacious landlord who is insensible to every humane consideration, but is willing that its property shall be used to feed the vices which constitute a deadly menace to the social order?



MR. DEPEW's suggestion, in explanation of the fact that New York has been governed for half a century or more by alien nationalities, that New York was probably designed in the order of Providence to be a sort of kindergarten for the education of the future politicians of the country, may possibly be the true one. But if it is, it must also be true that the beneficiaries of the kindergarten method have with singular unanimity sought other fields for the application of their skill in the science of government. It is quite certain, recalling how things have gone in this metropolis, that none of them have given its population the benefit of their knowledge. Possibly, however, now that men of the native stock have come to the front, we may reap some of the advantages of this protracted educational process.

THE decision of Judge Woods, in the United States Court at Chicago, that Debs and his associates were guilty of contempt in refusing to obey a Federal court injunction issued to restrain them from interfering with interstate commerce and the transportation of the mails during last summer's strikes, followed as it naturally was by a sentence of imprisonment, ought to have a wholesome effect, being a distinct affirmation that the public has some rights which cannot be invaded with impunity. The court does

not question the right of men to strike peaceably or to advise a peaceable strike; but it emphasizes afresh the fact, asserted again and again in judicial decisions, that persons who enter into a conspiracy to do any unlawful thing, and in order to accomplish their purpose advise workmen to a course of action of which violence will be the natural outcome, cannot, either in law or in morals, escape responsibility. It will be a good thing for the country when this principle comes to be universally recognized.

ANOTHER Democratic party machine has been smashed Boston, like New York, has been for years in the clutch of a corrupt and unscrupulous ring. It has dominated practically all departments of the municipal administration. It had come, in its audacity and insolence, to believe itself invulnerable. But it was mistaken. The people, stimulated by the example and encouraged by the results achieved in this and other cities, broke over party lines, and, massing their strength in support of clean and deserving candidates, elected them by decisive majorities, securing not only the mayoralty but other branches of the city government. This gratifying result affords another proof that the conscience of the electorate may be relied upon, in every supreme crisis, to vindicate the popular interests against the aggressions of vicious men. It is hardly probable that any party boss will be permitted to compromise away the fruits of this important victory.

A NICE question was raised the other day by an incident in a police court in Jersey City. A man was arrested for stealing a pail of coal. When arraigned he appealed for mercy on the ground that he was out of work, that his wife was ill, and that there was neither food nor fuel in his house. The police justice sent an officer to investigate the truth of the story, who soon reported that the case was even worse than the prisoner had stated. What ought the court to have done in the premises? The man had broken the law; he had appropriated to his use the property of another, and "the interests of society" demanded that he should be punished. But did they? Or did the circumstances of the case warrant the fullest clemency? Evidently that was the opinion of the magistrate, for he not only put a sum of money into the prisoner's hand, but gave him an order on the poor-master for a ton of coal, and then sent him home rejoicing. We leave it for the casuists to determine whether the action of the court was commendable or otherwise.

It is obvious that the Democracy in Congress will not be able to agree upon any tariff or financial legislation at the session now in progress. The President's scheme of currency reform has been favorably reported upon, but there is no possibility that it will ever command sufficient Democratic support to assure its serious consideration. The truth is that there is no coherency or unity of Democratic thinking on this subject, and the divergences which already exist are likely to be widened rather than bridged with the lapse of time. As to the tariff, the majority have had their fingers burned too badly to indulge in any further fooling with that particular subject. A restless, clamorous faction will of course persist in urging the "pop-gun" bills, and the President will no doubt back their efforts in favor of free coal and iron, but the party bosses will see to it that no risks are taken in that direction. As to the President's suggestion looking to the removal of the differential duties in favor of refined sugar, it has no more chance of adoption than Mr. Cleveland has of being made a saint in the Democratic calendar. All this, of course, will be advantageous to the public interests, which surely need a rest from fruitless agitation, but it none the less affords a very conclusive proof of the incompetency and insincerity of the party in power.

THERE is likely to be an attempt, at the coming session of our State Legislature, to amend the excise laws so as to afford greater privileges to the liquor interest. The saloon-keepers are clamoring for legislation which will permit them to open their places of business during certain hours on Sunday, and their demand finds supporters in some newspapers and among persons of "liberal" views. On the other hand, the more substantial elements of the community, regarding the saloon as the nursery of vice and the bulwark of civil disorder and misrule, not only oppose the bestowal of additional privileges upon the liquor traffic, but insist that it should be subjected to greater and severer restrictions than are now laid upon it. A significant illustration of the public temper in this regard is afforded by the action of the Roman Catholic total abstinence societies of the city looking to a united and concerted movement against Sunday selling and other evils of the traffic. Organizations for active participation in this crusade are to be formed in all parishes where they do not already exist, and there is an obvious purpose to carry the war to the gates of the enemy. In the present state of public sentiment as to all moral questions—and this is a question from which moral considerations cannot be eliminated—it may well be doubted whether the Legislature will venture to make any amendment to the excise laws which could be construed as favorable to the saloon. It is a great deal more probable that if anything at all is done it will be in the direction of a readjustment of the whole excise system on a basis of integrity and proper regard for the public interests.



"I'LL NURSE YOUR WIFE."



DEFEAT OF "JIMMY APPETITE."



"I'LL SEE YOU ON SUNDAY."



"I AM GROWING OLD, HETTY."



"REV. MR. PONDER."



"JAMES SHILLINGLAW."



"YOU COWARD!"

THE PLAY OF "THE COTTON KING" AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—[SEE PAGE 430.]



MISS MAUD JEFFRIES AS "KATE CREGEEN."



"PETE QUILLIAM" AND THE BABY.



MR. WILSON BARRETT AS "PETE QUILLIAM."

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY OF "THE MANXMAN," AS RECENTLY PRODUCED AT THE AMERICAN THEATRE.—[SEE PAGE 43.]

THE DRAMA IN NEW YORK CITY.



"The morning patients began to drop in."

THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS.*

As written by J. Stark Munro to his friend and former fellow-student Herbert Swanborough, of Lowell, Massachusetts, during the years 1881-84.

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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V.

MERTON-ON-THE-MOORS, March 5th, 1882.



YOU'LL see from the address of this letter, Bertie, that I have left Scotland, and am in Yorkshire. I have been here three months, and am now on the eve of leaving, under the strangest circumstances and with the queerest prospects. Good old Cullingworth has turned out a trump, as I always knew he would. But, as usual, I am beginning at the wrong end, so here goes to give you an idea of what has been happening.

I told you in my last all about my lunacy adventure, and my ignominious return from Rathtully Castle. When I had settled for the flannel vests which my mother had ordered so lavishly I had only five pounds left out of my pay. With this, as it was the first money that I had ever earned in my life, I bought her a gold bangle; so behold me reduced at once to my usual empty-pocketed condition. Well, it was something just to feel that I had earned money. It gave me an assurance that I might again.

I had not been at home more than a few days when my father called me into the study, after breakfast one morning, and spoke very seriously as to our financial position. He began the interview by unbuttoning his waistcoat and asking me to listen at his fifth intercostal space, two inches from the left sternal line. I did so, and was shocked to hear a well-marked mitral regurgitant murmur.

"It is of old standing," he said, "but of late I have had a puffiness about the ankles, and some real symptoms which show me that it is beginning to tell."

I tried to express my grief and sympathy, but he cut me short with some asperity.

"The point is," said he, "that no insurance office would accept my life, and that I have been unable, owing to competition

and increased expenses, to lay anything by. If I die soon (which, between ourselves, is by no means improbable) I must leave to your care your mother and the children. My practice is so entirely a personal one that I cannot hope to be able to hand over to you enough to afford a living."

I thought of Cullingworth's advice about going where you are least known. "I think," said I, "that my chances would be better away from here."

"Then you must lose no time in establishing yourself," said he. "Your position would be one of great responsibility if anything were to happen to me just now. I had hoped that you had found an excellent opening with the Saltires, but I fear that you can hardly expect to get on in the world, my boy, if you insult your employer's religious and political views at his own table."

It wasn't a time to argue, so I said nothing. My father took a copy of the *Lancet* out of his desk, and turned up an advertisement, which he had marked with a blue pencil. "Read this!" said he.

I've got it before me as I write. It runs thus: "Qualified assistant wanted, at once, in a large country and colliery practice. Thorough knowledge of obstetrics and dispensing indispensable. Ride and drive. £70 a year. Apply Dr. Horton, Merton-on-the-Moors, Yorkshire."

"There might be an opening there," said he. "I know Horton, and I am convinced that I can get you the appointment. It would at least give you the opportunity of looking round and seeing whether there was any vacancy there. How do you think it would suit you?"

Of course I could only answer that I was willing to turn my hand to anything. But that interview has left a mark upon me—a heavy, ever-present gloom away at the back of my soul, which I am conscious of even though the cause of it has for the moment gone out of my thoughts. I had enough to make a man serious before, when I had to face the world without money or interest. But now, to think of the mother and my sisters and little Paul, all leaning upon me when I cannot stand myself; it is a nightmare. Could there be anything more dreadful in life than to have those whom you love looking to you for help, and

to be unable to give it. But perhaps it won't come to that. Perhaps my father may hold his own for years. Come what may, I am bound to think that all things are ordered for the best, though when the good is a furlong off, and we with our beetle eyes can only see three inches, it takes some confidence in general principles to pull us through.

Well, it was all fixed up, and down I came to Yorkshire. I wasn't in the best of spirits when I started, Bertie, but they went down and down as I neared my destination. How people can dwell in such places passes my comprehension. What can life offer them to make up for these mutilations of the face of nature? No woods, little grass, spouting chimneys, slate-colored streams, sloping mounds of coke and slag, topped by the great wheels and pumps of the mines. Cinder-strewn paths, black as though stained by the weary miners who toil along them, lead through the tarnished fields to the rows of smoke-stained cottages. How can any young unmarried man accept such a lot while there's an empty hammock in the navy, or a berth in a merchant fore-castle? How many shillings a week is the breath of the ocean worth? It seems to me that if I were a poor man—. Well, upon my word, that "if" is rather funny when I think that many of the dwellers in those smoky cottages have twice my salary, with half my expenses.

Well, as I said, my spirits sank lower and lower until they got down into the bulb, when, on looking through the gathering gloom, I saw "Merton" printed on the lamps of a dreary, dismal station. I got out, and was standing beside my trunk and my hat-box, waiting for a porter, when up came a cheery-looking fellow and asked me whether I was Dr. Stark Munro. "I'm Horton," said he, and shook hands cordially.

In that melancholy place the sight of him was like a fire on a frosty night. He was gayly dressed, in the first place; check trousers, white waistcoat, a flower in his buttonhole. But the look of the man was very much to my heart. He was ruddy-cheeked and black-eyed, with a jolly, stout figure and an honest, genial smile. I felt, as we clinched hands in the foggy, grimy station, that I had met a man and a friend.

His carriage was waiting, and we drove out to his residence,

* Commenced in the issue of December 18th.

The Myrtles, where I was speedily introduced both to his family and his practice. The former is small and the latter enormous. The wife is dead, but her mother, Mrs. White, keeps house for him, and there are two dear little girls, about five and seven. Then there is an unqualified assistant, a young Irish student, who, with the three maids, the coachman, and the stable-boy, makes up the whole establishment. When I tell you that we give four horses quite as much as they can do, you will have an idea of the ground we cover.

The house, a large square brick one, standing in its own grounds, is built on a small hill in an oasis of green fields. Beyond this, however, on every side the veil of smoke hangs over the country, with the mine pumps and the chimneys bristling out of it. It would be a dreadful place for an idle man, but we are all so busy that we have hardly time to think whether there's a view or not. Day and night we are at work, and yet the three months have been very pleasant ones to look back upon.

I'll give you an idea of what a day's work is like. We breakfast about nine o'clock, and immediately afterward the morning patients begin to drop in. Many of them are very poor people, belonging to the colliery clubs, the principle of which is that the members pay a little over a half-penny a week all the year round, well or ill, in return for which they get medicine and attendance free. Not much of a catch for the doctors, you would say, but it is astonishing what competition there is among them to get the appointment. You see it is a certainty for one thing, and it leads indirectly to confinements and other little extras. Besides it mounts up surprisingly. I have no doubt that Horton has five or six hundred a year from his clubs alone. On the other hand, you can imagine that club patients, since they pay the same in any case, don't let their ailments go very far before they are round in the consulting-room.

Well, then, by half-past nine we are in full blast. Horton is seeing the better patients in the consulting-room, I am interviewing the poorer ones in the waiting-room, and McCarthy, the Irishman, making up prescriptions as hard as he can tear. By the club rules patients are bound to find their bottles and corks. They generally remember the bottle, but always forget the cork. "Ye must pay a penny or ilse putt your forefinger in," says McCarthy. They have an idea that all the strength of the medicine goes if the bottle is open, so they trot off with their fingers stuck in the necks. They have the most singular notions about medicines. "It's that strong that a spoon will stand oop in't!" is one man's description. Above all, they love to have two bottles, one with a solution of citric acid and the other with carbonate of soda. When the mixture begins to fizz they realize that there is, indeed, a science of medicine.

This sort of work, with vaccinations, bandagings, and minor surgery, takes us to nearly eleven o'clock, when we assemble in Horton's room to make out the list. All the names of patients under treatment are pinned upon a big board. We sit around with note-books open and distribute those who must be seen between us. By the time this is done and the horses in, it is half-past eleven. Then away we all fly upon our several tasks. Horton, in a carriage and pair, to see the employers; I, in a dog-cart, to see the employed; and McCarthy, on his good Irish legs, to see those chronic cases to which a qualified man can do no good, and an unqualified no harm.

Well, we all work back again by two o'clock, when we find dinner waiting for us. We may or may not have finished our rounds. If not, away we go again. If we have, Horton dictates his prescriptions and strides off to bed, with his black clay pipe in his mouth. He is the most abandoned smoker I have ever met with, collecting the dottle of his pipes in the evening, and smoking them next morning before breakfast in the stable-yard. When he has departed for his nap McCarthy and I get to work on the medicine. There are, perhaps, fifty bottles to put up, with pills, ointment, etc. It is quite half-past four before we have them all laid out on the shelf addressed to the respective invalids. Then we have an hour or so of quiet, when we smoke or read, or box with the coachman in the harness-room. After tea the evening's work commences. From six to nine people are coming in for their medicine, or fresh patients wishing advice. When these are settled we have to see again any very grave cases which may be on the list, and so about ten o'clock we may hope to have another smoke, and perhaps a game of cards. Then it is a rare thing for a night to pass without one or other of us having to trudge off to a confinement, which might take us two hours, or might take us ten. Hard work, as you see; but Horton was such a good chap, and worked so hard himself, that one did not mind what one did. And then we were all like brothers in the house; our talk was just a rattle of chaff, and the patients were as homely as ourselves, so that the work became quite a pleasure to all of us.

Yes, Horton is a real, downright good fellow. His heart is broad and kind and generous. There is nothing petty in the man. He loves to see those around him happy, and the sight of his sturdy figure and jolly red face goes far to make them so. Nature meant him to be a healer, for he brightens up a sick-room as he did the Merton station when first I set eyes upon him. Don't imagine from my description that he is in any way soft, however. There is no one on whom one could be less likely to impose. He has a temper which is easily aflame, and as easily appeased. A mistake in the dispensing may wake it up, and then he bursts into the surgery like a whiff of east wind, his cheeks red, his whiskers bristling, and his eyes malignant. The day-book is banged, the bottles rattled, the counter thumped, and then he is off again with five doors slamming behind him. We can trace his progress, when the black mood is on him, by those dwindling slams. Perhaps it is that McCarthy has labelled the cough-mixture as the eye-wash, or sent an empty pill-box with an exhortation to take one every four hours. In any case, the cyclone comes and goes, and by the next meal all is peace once more.

I said that the patients were a very homely lot. Any one who is over-starched might well come here to be unstiffened. I confess that I did not quite fall in with it at once. When, on one of my first mornings, a club patient, with his bottle under his arm, came up to me and asked me if I were the doctor's man, I sent him on to see the groom in the stable. But soon one falls into the humor of it. There is no offense meant, and why should any be taken? They are kindly, generous folk, and if they pay no respect to your profession in the abstract, and so rather hurt your dignity, if you have any, yet they will be as leal and true as possible to yourself if you can win their respect. I like the grip of their greasy and blackened hands.

Another peculiarity of the district is that many of the manufacturers and colliery-owners have risen from the workmen, and have (in some cases at least) retained their old manners and even their old dress. The other day Mrs. White, Horton's mother-in-law, had a violent sick headache, and, as we are all very fond of the kind old lady, we were trying to keep things as quiet as possible down-stairs. Suddenly there came a bang! bang! bang! at the knocker, and then in an instant another rattling series of knocks, as if a tethered donkey were trying to kick in the panel. After all our efforts for silence it was exasperating. I rushed to the door to find a seely-looking person just raising his hand to commence a fresh bombardment. "What on earth's the matter?" I asked, only I may have been a little more emphatic. "Pain in the jaw," said he. "You needn't make such a noise," said I; "other people are ill besides you." "If I pay my money, young man, I'll make such noise as I like," and actually in cold blood he commenced a fresh assault upon the door. He would have gone on with his devil's tattoo all the morning if I had not led him down the path and seen him off the premises. An hour afterward Horton whirled into the surgery with a trail of banged doors behind him. "What's this about Mr. Usher, Munro?" he asked. "He says that you were violent toward him." "There was a club patient here who kept on banging the knocker," said I. "I was afraid that he would disturb Mrs. White, and so I made him stop." Horton's eyes began to twinkle. "My boy," said he, "that club patient, as you call him, is the richest man in Merton, and worth a hundred a year to me. However, I'll make it all right with him." I have no doubt that he appeased him by some tale of my disgrace and degradation, but I have not heard anything of the matter since.

It has been good for me to be here, Bertie. It has brought me in close contact with the working classes and made me realize what fine people they are. Because one drunkard goes home howling on a Saturday night, we are too apt to overlook the ninety-nine decent ones by their own firesides. I shall not make that mistake any more. The kindness of the poor to the poor makes a man sick of himself. And their sweet patience. Depend upon it, if ever there is a popular rising the wrongs which lead to it must be monstrous and indefensible. I think the excesses of the French Revolution are dreadful enough in themselves, but much more so as an index to the slow centuries of misery against which they were a mad protest. And then the wisdom of the poor. It is amusing to read the glib newspaper man writing about the ignorance of the masses. They don't know the date of Magna Charta, or whom John of Gaunt married; but put a practical up-to-date problem before them, and see how unerringly they take the right side. Didn't they put the Reform bill through in the teeth of the opposition of the majority of the so-called educated classes? Didn't they back the North against the South when nearly all our leaders went wrong? When universal arbitration and the suppression of the liquor traffic come, is it not sure to be from the

pressure of these humble folk? They look at life with clearer and more unselfish eyes. It's an axiom, I think, that to heighten a nation's wisdom you must lower its franchise.

Do you think, Bertie, that there is such a thing as the existence of evil? If we could honestly convince ourselves that there was not, it would help us so much in formulating a rational religion. But don't let us strain truth even for such an object as that. I must confess that there are some forms of vice—cruelty, for example—for which it is hard to find any explanation, save, indeed, that it is a degenerate survival of that warlike ferocity which may once have been of service in helping to protect the community. No; let me be frank and say that I can't make cruelty fit into my scheme. But when you find that other evils which seem, at first sight, black enough really tend in the long run to the good of mankind, it may be hoped that those which continue to puzzle us may at last be found to serve the same end in some fashion which is now inexplicable.

It seems to me that the study of life by the physician vindicates the moral principles of right and wrong. But when you look closely, it is a question whether that which is a wrong to the present community may not prove to have been a right to the interests of posterity. That sounds a little foggy, but I will make my meaning more clear when I say that I think right and wrong are both tools which are being wielded by those great hands which are shaping the destinies of the universe; that both are making for improvement, but that the action of the one is immediate, and that of the other more slow, but none the less certain. Our own distinction of right and wrong is founded too much upon the immediate convenience of the community, and does not inquire sufficiently deeply into the ultimate effect.

I have my own views about Nature's methods, though I feel that it is rather like a beetle giving his opinions upon the Milky Way. However, they have the merit of being consoling, for if we could conscientiously see that sin served a purpose, and a good one, it would take some of the blackness out of life. It seems to me, then, that Nature, still working on the lines of evolution, strengthens the race in two ways. The one is by improving those who are morally strong, which is done by increased knowledge and broadening religious views. The other and hardly less important is by the killing off and extinction of those who are morally weak. This is accomplished by drink and immorality. These are really two of the most important forces which work for the ultimate perfection of the race. I picture them as two great invisible hands hovering over the garden of life and plucking up the weeds. Looked at in one's own day one can only see that they produce degradation and misery. But at the end of a third generation from then, what has happened? The line of the drunkard and of the debauchee, physically as well as morally weakened, is either extinct or on the way toward it. Struma, tubercle, nervous disease, have all lent a hand toward the pruning off of that rotten branch, and the average of the race is thereby improved. I believe, from the little that I have seen of life, that it is a law which acts with startling swiftness that a majority of drunkards never perpetuate their species at all, and that, when the curse is hereditary, the second generation generally sees the end of it.

Don't misunderstand me, and quote me as saying that it is a good thing for a nation that it should have many drunkards. Nothing of the kind. What I say is, that if a nation has many morally weak people, then it is good that there should be a means for checking those weaker strains. Nature has her devices, and drink is among them. When there are no more drunkards and reprobates, it means that the race is so advanced that it no longer needs such rough treatment. Then the all-wise engineer will speed us along in some other fashion. If there is truth in this view of mine, then it might illustrate a striking remark which I read the other day, to the effect that if at any time the views of the wisest men could be eternally imposed upon the human race, the effect would always be to perpetuate monstrous error.

By Jove, old chap! I am quite ashamed of having been so didactic. But it is jolly to think that sin may have an object, and work toward good. My father says that I seem to look upon the universe as if it were my property and can't be happy until I know that all is right with it. Well, there is just a little truth in it. It does send a glow through me when I seem to catch a glimpse of the light behind the clouds.

And now for my big bit of news, which is going to change my whole life. Whom do you think that I had a letter from, last Tuesday week? From old Cullingworth, no less. It had no beginning, no end, was addressed all wrong, and written with a very thick quill-pen upon the back of a prescription. How it ever reached me is a wonder. This is what he had to say:

"Started here in Bradford last June. Colossal success. My example must revolutionize medical practice.

Rapidly making fortune. Have invention which is worth millions. Unless our Admiralty take it up, shall make Brazil the leading naval Power. Come down by next train, on receiving this. Have plenty for you to do."

That was the whole of this extraordinary letter which had no name to it—which was certainly reasonable enough, since no one else could have written it. Knowing Cullingworth as well as I did, I took it all with reservations and deductions. How could he have made so rapid and complete a success in a town in which he must have been a complete stranger? It was incredible. And yet there must be some truth in it, or else he would not invite me to come down and test it. On the whole, I thought that I had better move very cautiously in the matter, for I was happy and snug where I was, and kept on putting a little by, which I hoped would form a nucleus to start me in practice. It was only a few pounds up to date, but in a year or so it might amount to something. I wrote to Cullingworth, therefore, thanking him for having remembered me, and explaining how matters stood. I had had great difficulty in finding an opening, I said, and now that I had one I was loath to give it up except for a permanency. Ten days passed, during which Cullingworth was silent. Then came a huge telegram.

"Your letter to hand. Why not call me a liar at once? I tell you that I have seen thirty thousand patients in the last year. My actual takings have been over four thousand pounds. All patients come to me. Would not cross the street to see Queen Victoria. You can have all visiting, all surgery, all midwifery. Make what you like of it. Will guarantee three hundred pounds the first year."

Well, this began to look more like business, especially the last sentence. I took it to Horton and asked his advice. His opinion was that I had nothing to lose and everything to gain. So it ended by my wiring back, accepting the partnership—if it is a partnership—and to-morrow morning I am off to Bradford, with great hopes and a small portmanteau. I know how interested you are in the personality of Cullingworth—as every one is who comes, even at second hand, within range of his influence—and so you may rely upon it that I shall give you a very full and particular account of all that passes between us. I am looking forward immensely to seeing him again, and I trust we won't have any rows.

Good-bye, old chap; my foot is upon the threshold of fortune. Congratulate me. Yours ever,
J. STARK MUNRO.

(To be continued.)

Poemance.

"HAVE you thought," said the rose to the lily,
"That our garden is a god?
For they tell me he planted that plum-tree
And even made grow the sod.
"He surely will live forever,
His life is so strong and strange,
For the tulip who died this morning
Had never seen him change.
"She said he was surely immortal,
And the peony thinks so, too,
For he spaded her roots in the spring-time
As her mother had seen him do.
"For my part I think he has always
Been hoeing the tasseled corn,
And if we could only prove it
The man was never born!"
* * * * *
Then the lily bent near to the rose-tree
And, opening her snowy bell,
Exhaled her heart in perfume
While she whispered, "I cannot tell;
"But I feel if his life be lovely
And sweet as our own, and pure,
The One who made us will bless him,
And cause his soul to endure.
"For beauty, dear Rose, is deathless,
And goodness can never die;
While ever serene and perfect
Dwells the spirit of purity.
"And since he is very gentle,
And tends us with so much care,
I think when we bloom in heaven
We shall find our gardener there."
CORA LINN DANIELS.

Boston's Republican Mayor-elect.

AFTER an interim of four years Boston again has a Republican mayor. Edwin Upton Curtis, who was elected December 11th, is a young lawyer of thirty-three. He is the youngest mayor Boston has had since Jonathan Chapman in 1840, who was elected and entered upon his duties when thirty-two years of age. Mr. Curtis will be inaugurated the first Wednesday in January, succeeding Mayor Matthews, Democrat, who was thirty-six when elected, and has held the office for four years.

The only public office which Mr. Curtis has hitherto held is that of city clerk, to which he was elected in 1889, and re-elected in 1890. In that position he showed executive ability and conscientious fidelity to duty. He was born in

Roxbury, March 26th, 1861, and attended the Roxbury Grammar and Latin School. He fitted for college at the Little Blue School, Farmington, Maine, and went to Bowdoin College, from which he was graduated in 1882. He took the law course in the Boston University, and was admitted to the Bar in 1884, after having served in the law office of the celebrated William Gaston, who had been mayor of Boston and Governor of Massachusetts. Mr. Curtis formed a partnership with a schoolmate, William Gardner Reed, and in ten years they have built up a substantial law practice.

The mayor-elect is heir to a million-dollar estate from his father and a deceased uncle, which will revert to him on the death of his father, now seventy-eight, and with whom as a bachelor he lives in the old family mansion in Roxbury. But since leaving the law school he has depended upon himself and worked his own way up. Mr. Curtis's chief characteristics are his intellectual grasp, coolness in emergencies, and political sagacity. Though practically untied in large affairs, it is believed he will measure up fully to the demands of his present position. He brings to the office the ardor and enthusiasm of youth, and proposes many projects for increasing Boston's commercial development and political importance. Coming upon the scene just at the time when Greater Boston is being agitated, he has an opportunity to distinguish himself and become as popular as did William E. Russell, the "boy Governor."

HERBERT HEYWOOD.

A Woman's Empire.



MRS. RICHARD KING.

THINK of it! A million and a quarter acres of land owned by one woman. All in one body and under fence. Reaching into three counties in southern Texas, and pastured by one hundred and fifty thousand head of cattle, horses, and sheep.

An empire in which the State of Rhode Island could be put and there would still be nearly half a million acres outside the State line. Eighteen hundred and seventy-five square miles of absolute domain, in which one woman's will is law. This seems incredible, but such are the realty holdings in farm lands alone of Mrs. Richard King, of Corpus Christi, Texas.

The southern point of Texas is a country of great pastures. In Nueces County alone there are fifteen persons who own over one hundred thousand acres of land each, some of these individual estates amounting to over half a million acres, and are reckoned by the square miles. How and by whom were they acquired? By men who came to Texas in the 'fifties and 'sixties. Men who were willing to risk death or shattered health for the sake of adventure and for gain.

Captain Richard King, who died in 1885, leaving to his widow, Henrietta M. King, his vast possessions in land and personal property, was a good specimen of a type that conditions of to-day do not produce. He was born in 1825 in New York State, and when ten years old ran away to sea. In 1847 he appeared on the Rio Grande as a pilot, later as a boat-owner, and in 1852 he bought what was known as the Santa Gertrudes Ranch, a vast possession in itself. By determined and aggressive policy, combined with daring speculations, he added rapidly to this until he died. After his death it was found that he owned about one million two hundred thousand acres of land under fence, on which ranged eighty thousand head of cattle, twenty thousand horses, and twenty thousand sheep. His estate also included a large amount of other possessions in the shape of money and other personal and real property.

This all went to the widow, a daughter of the late Rev. Hiram Chamberlain, who established the first Presbyterian church on the Rio Grande, and under her careful management the property has increased in value.

Mrs. King is sixty years of age, a lady of kindly instincts and admirable characteristics that have made her greatly beloved by the community. She lives very plainly, and does not spend a tithe of her income.

The division of these pastures will be of great benefit to the country, but it will destroy the entity of as remarkable a property as exists in the United States to-day. The land alone is worth full five million dollars as it is. It will be worth untold millions when it is devoted to viniculture, a possibility of the near future, for which it is better suited than it is for the purpose of raising "scalawags" or long-horned steers.

It is only within the past five years that any of the owners of these great tracts of land would part with a corner of their possessions. Now many realize that they must give way to the inevitable, and some sharper than the rest are pushing colonization schemes that will net them many times the profits from their herds. It will be but a few years before the empires now known by the name of ranches will become bee-hives of industry, thickly studded with populous little villages, the inhabitants of which will be kept busy the year round shipping fruit and vegetables to the less tropical zones.

JAMES D. WHELPLEY.

Father Ducey— Man and Priest.

THOMAS JAMES DUCEY, the last of his family, the adopted son of that eminent jurist, James T. Brady, is the priest most talked about in the city of New York. He is hated by some and beloved by many more; hated for being considered better than some of his superiors, beloved for not being too good for the strenuous sacrifices and patient well-doing of the true priesthood. His persistent attendance upon the sessions of the Lexow committee, in spite of warnings from Archbishop Corrigan, and his recent correspondence with that prelate, have made him a figure of national interest.

In a morning chat in his rectory library in East Eighteenth Street, I found this famous man a charming talker. The waiting poor in his parlor down-stairs knew him to be one who delights in good deeds. "The vilest of the vile is he who takes on the obligations of self-denial and lives a life of sacrifice to the outward eye only," said he, with a sudden impulse of energy which seemed to give his visitor one swift glance of his heart. Then the clear gray eye, almost violet in hue, danced with a merry picture conjured up by that suave tongue. "From grave to gay, from lively to severe" his active brain delighted to move; so much versatility being necessary to hide from the world the workings of a heart ever open to the cry of the oppressed. Here was a new view of the man about town, the clerical frequenter of Delmonico's, the witty after-dinner speaker, the most independent of men—and of priests, of whom the papers have talked so much.

"I was born in the cathedral town of Lis-more, in Ireland, in 1843," said he; "came to New York in 1847, was adopted by the late James T. Brady, and educated by him for the law. He loved me, and I love and revere his memory. The self-denial of the ideal priesthood appealed to my youthful fancy; my foster-father did not wish me to be a priest; even those of my own blood had so lofty a conception of the duties of the priesthood that they did not encourage my ambition. But when I persisted and vowed I would dedicate my life, my means, my energies to that ideal, that indulgent friend yielded. 'Tom will make his mark yet,' he used to say; and then, to my intense grief, James T. Brady died in April, 1869, seven weeks after I was ordained. My first appointment was to the parish of the Nativity, in Second Avenue. In my three years there I visited the Tombs, after hours, and in consoling the prisoners became attached to some of them who are now distinguished men. I was then with Dr. Burtell, at the Church of the Epiphany, in Second Avenue, and then with Bishop Spalding at St. Michael's, in Ninth Avenue. The corner-stone of St. Leo's, in Twenty-eighth Street, which I love, and to which I have devoted my life, was laid August 15th, 1880. The first Mass was said in the basement chapel Christmas of that year, and May 1st, 1881, Cardinal McCloskey dedicated it. This is the chosen scene of my earthly labors."

Father Ducey—for he is the father of St. Leo's flock, the friend and benefactor of the parish for fifteen years without compensation—had grown grave. Doubtless the thought that some of the powers have been understood to threaten his tenure passed through his mind. No one who realizes the significance of a life of labor, without pay, in behalf of a church to build which Father Ducey himself gave the greater part of the money, and on which he has exhausted his private fortune, will believe for one moment that any such threat could take form or be effective.

J. P. B.

San Francisco's First Horse Show.

THROUGH the untiring efforts of Henry J. Crocker, who was moved only by high public spirit, San Francisco has had its first horse show, and has accepted it as its greatest social event of the year, as well as a magnificent equine display. Over ten thousand people were assembled in Mechanics Pavilion on the opening night, and on subsequent evenings, to express approval of the work begun, which must inevitably bring up the standard of horse and horse equipments on the Pacific coast.

The Horse Show Association of California has profited by the ten years' experience of the New York association, and also that of other Eastern cities, and consequently it starts nearly at that height of success which has been attained by the show given at Madison Square Garden.

It is doubtful if at any time during the history of American horse exhibitions there has ever been a better entry of famous horses. Salvador and Tenny occupied adjoining boxes, and the Emperor of Norfolk, Sir Modred, Duke of Norfolk, and Morello held daily receptions in their temporary quarters. That magnificent stallion, Directum, and Baldwin's Derby winner, Rey El Santa Nita, came next. Walter S. Hobart and Miss Ella Hobart entered a magnificent stable. The several entries made by John Parrot, of San Mateo, included a number of Eastern prize-winners, and his stable was shown in the most approved style. While the hackney class was small, the four-in-hand class contained more entries than that of the same class in New York. Four of the eight entries of park drags and coaches were new, and built expressly for owners who wished to compete in this exhibition. E. J. ("Lucky") Baldwin drove the coach that won the grand prize at the Centennial in 1876. Charles Baldwin won the cup offered for four-in-hands shown to coach or park drag; he also won the cup for obstacle driving.

Hunters and jumpers were shown in great numbers. Miss Hobart's magnificent animal, Huntress, won the ladies' class, and "Lucky" Baldwin's El Dorado received the blue ribbon for open class for jumpers, with Hobart's Huntress second.

The sensation of the show was the victory of Joseph D. Grant's mare Music, over W. S. Hobart's gelding Peacock, heretofore unbeaten, and who has won thirty-two first prizes in the Eastern horse shows. The competition was for high-stepping horse, appropriate for a two-wheeled vehicle. The Eastern judges themselves were surprised in Mr. Grant's mare. She won on quality, hack action, and color combined.

Among the oddities of the show was the twelve-mule team that was recently driven from Fresno with a cargo of fruit. It comprised two large, heavy ore wagons, drawn by six span of mules. To Eastern visitors, and to many Californians, this was by far the most wonderful part of the programme. The ring in Mechanics Pavilion is not as wide as that in Madison Square Garden, and only a few feet longer, and yet the driver guided this immense team with nothing but a "jerk-line," cutting "figure eights" and making marvelous turns.

The horse show will prove an incentive to a great number of people who are well able to turn out as stylish equipages as those in New York or any of the Eastern cities, and by next year there will undoubtedly be a building erected as a permanent home for this enterprise.

JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD.

The Late Bank Robbery.

THE arrest in Chicago of Samuel C. Seely, the book-keeper of the National Shoe and Leather Bank of this city, who robbed that institution of \$354,000, will no doubt be followed in due time by a full exposure of the motives and methods of that stupendous crime. Seely had been employed in the bank as a book-keeper for fourteen years on a salary of \$1,800, and had the fullest confidence of all the officers of the institution. He had charge of the ledgers containing the accounts of depositors whose names ranged in alphabetical order from A to K. Among the depositors was one Frederick Baker, a lawyer, who had kept his account there for a long period. In some way Baker obtained a hold upon Seely, and the two agreed upon a plan of robbery, which was carried out by the book-keeper transferring large sums to Baker's account from the accounts—nearly one hundred in number—of other large depositors which appeared in Seely's ledger. When Baker's check would come in to be cashed, an examination of the ledger would show ample funds to his credit, and his drafts were always promptly honored. When it became necessary to balance the depositors' accounts which had been depleted to swell Baker's supposed deposits, Seely would return them to their normal condition by making transfers from the accounts of other

customers. As he had charge of the A to K ledger, and also the skeleton bank ledger, he was enabled to keep on transferring and balancing and swelling Baker's balances during the many years through which the fraud was continued, and up to the time when, taking sudden alarm, he hurriedly disappeared.

So far as yet appears, all of the stolen money, except about eleven thousand dollars, went to Baker. This is one of the anomalies of the gigantic conspiracy. That one confederate should live in comparative luxury, while his accomplice, without whose co-operation the swindle would have been impossible, lived plainly and humbly, often cramped for money to meet his ordinary obligations, is a circumstance which only deepens the mystery surrounding the whole case. Baker's suicide shows conclusively that he realized the gravity of his crime and the peril into which it had brought him.

The integrity of the Shoe and Leather Bank was not, of course, affected by the heavy loss it has sustained, and the public confidence in it was not shaken in the least, but the question has naturally been raised whether there is not a defect in any system of bank management under which wholesale thefts can be carried on without detection through a long series of years.

Mrs. Grannis, a Woman who Reforms.

MRS. ELIZABETH B. GRANNIS, a notable figure among New-Yorkers of to-day, lives in her own house at 33 East Twenty-second Street. Most reformers lodge or exist in hired apartments; and that speaks volumes for the solidity and success of this earnest woman's work. "I bought my home," said she, when I asked her about her life, "with the scrapings of many years. It was my early ambition to be rich, to have the means to care for every friendless woman and homeless child. When I was eleven I taught a mission Sunday-school in Hartford, Connecticut, where I was born, and never missed a day in twelve months. Then I went to boarding-school in Ohio, and on graduating at seventeen got a certificate as teacher. George Müller, of Bristol, the founder of English orphanages, was my girlhood's hero. I longed to do likewise. I soon realized that I could never be rich; then I began to save and strive."

"My father's people were the Bartletts of Hartford, my mother was a Howard, and her grandfather was Judge Dimmock of Tolland. There were preachers on both sides of the family for generations. Just when I had rounded my twenty-fifth year I was married in Brooklyn, July 20th, 1865, in St. Luke's Church. I have no children, and have been a widow a number of years. But I have three great objects in life: To make visible the oneness of Christ's church throughout the world, to which I devote the monthly journal of which I am owner and editor, the *Church Union*; to promote the National Christian League for the Promotion of Social Purity, of which I am president; and the creation of an industrial home in which every helpless woman and girl shall have honest employment. I've carried the *Church Union* twenty-one years."

"I am no prude; there are evils at hand needing reform worse than living pictures. Why should not purity be promoted in the higher walks of life, also? The graceful curves of the neck and shoulders are beautiful; but there are features of the female figure, beautiful as it is, which were not designed for display. Why should there be such an exhibition in the opera-house, where any man can pay his money to go and see it? Every woman must be her own judge in such things; but does any thoughtful mother or chaste Christian father want his daughter exhibited? And why, pray, should not men and boys be as chaste as they expect women and girls to be? Health of body and soul, alike, is the right as well as the duty of every living creature. Not one child in a thousand would need medicine if it were properly fed and bathed and aired and clothed and got sleep enough. Down with drugs! Yes; I watched at the polls on election day. I pray for universal woman suffrage!"

There is Mrs. Grannis, in a nutshell. A slender woman of little over medium height, with delightfully earnest, old-fashioned, clear gray eyes, nervous in speech, mobile of feature, energetic as only those can be who think constantly of others. Many a poor mother's heart Mrs. Grannis has made glad—and what nobler epitome could there be of a human life! Living in her service is a colored woman whom she casually spied one day sitting dejectedly on the steps of Bellevue Hospital, with a nine-days-old baby in her arms. She had been turned out. Mrs. Grannis has cared for her, and the baby is a "sassy," smiling pickaninny now. Their lives are two of many she has "reformed."

J. P. B.



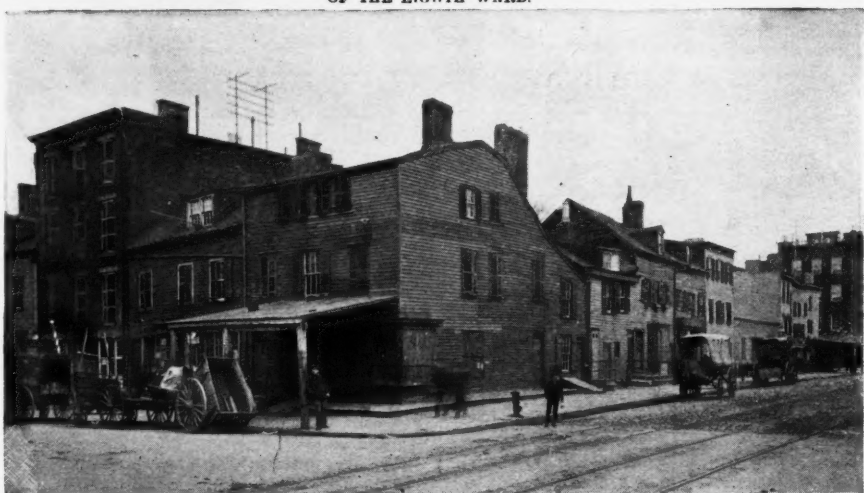
TWO HOUSES—MINER'S GROCERY STORE, 68 AND 70 VANDAM STREET.



GROCERY STORE, CORNER MACDOUGAL AND SPRING STREETS—AN OLD LANDMARK OF THE EIGHTH WARD.



SINK AND STAIRS IN ITALIAN GROCERY STORE, MACDOUGAL AND SPRING STREETS. RENT, SIXTY DOLLARS A MONTH.



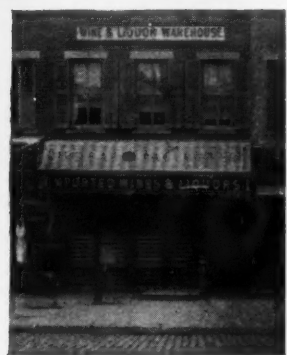
ON VARICK STREET, CORNER OF SPRING, LOOKING TOWARD VANDAM STREET.



BACK YARD—WASH-DAY SCENE.



REAR OF TENEMENT ON SPRING STREET, BETWEEN MACDOUGAL AND VARICK STREETS.



JACK SKELLY'S SALOON, 323 HUDSON STREET.

IS THIS NINETEENTH CENTURY "CHRISTIAN" LANDLORDISM?

SPECIMEN TENEMENTS OF THE TRINITY CHURCH CORPORATION IN NEW YORK CITY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT AND SKETCHES BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.
[SEE PAGE 423.]



CAPTAIN WILLIAM S. STRAUSS.



CAPTAIN JOSEPH B. EAKINS.



CAPTAIN THOMAS RYAN.



CAPTAIN MAX F. SCHMITTBERGER.



CAPTAIN JACOB SIEBERT.



INSPECTOR ALEXANDER S. WILLIAMS.



INSPECTOR E. McLAUGHLIN.



EX-ASSEMBLYMAN JOHN MARTIN.



EX-POLICE COMMISSIONER J. R. VOORHIS.



EX-CAPTAIN JOHN T. STEPHENSON.



PATROLMAN AUGUST E. THORNE.



CAPTAIN TIMOTHY J. CREEDEN TESTIFIES BEFORE THE LEXOW COMMITTEE TO THE PURCHASE OF HIS PROMOTION.

THE REVELATIONS OF CORRUPTION IN THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT—SOME OF THE OFFICIALS WHO ARE IMPLICATED BY RECENT DISCLOSURES.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDERSON AND SKETCHES BY V. GRIBATÉDOFF.—[SEE PAGE 430.]

THE AMATEUR ATHLETE

Now that the foot-ball season is over the athletes in our colleges will take a short rest before they begin training for the spring sports, but it will be only a few weeks at the most before the candidates for the crews begin the serious work, which will not end until the college year is almost at a close. The base-ball men and those who hope for places on the track and field athletic teams must get into training before long, and some of them are doing a little even now in a desultory way.

The trip of the Yale athletic team to England last summer has aroused the interest in international contests, and there are chances that during the coming season we may see one or two meetings between English and American teams of one kind and another. It seems to be settled that Cornell will send abroad a crew to take part in the Henley regatta, and the University of Pennsylvania may do the same thing. Cornell has refused to race against Pennsylvania with the crew which will represent the Ithaca university abroad, and the Philadelphia men are so anxious to meet their rivals that they will probably follow them across the water and meet defeat or victory there. At Pennsylvania this year rowing will be on a different basis than for some time. A graduate committee consisting of the most prominent men who have rowed in the last few years will have charge of things in place of Mr. Woodruff, who has not been so successful in coaching a crew as when he has had charge of a foot-ball eleven. The Philadelphia supporters are hoping for great things from the new arrangement, and for this reason they are particularly anxious to meet Cornell next June. But at present only a freshman race seems likely in this country between these two great universities.

The candidates for the Harvard crew have been working regularly during the fall under the guidance of Mr. Watson, who will have complete charge of Harvard boating interests for the next three years. Since the very day when he was confirmed by the athletic committee, the new coach has put his shoulder to the wheel, and hardly an afternoon has passed without his presence at Cambridge, although he has been assisted to some extent by Mr. Legate, another old Harvard oarsman, who will look after the freshman crew this spring and do what he can to help Mr. Watson with the university. Captain Davis of last year's crew is no longer in college, but he is the only member of the '94 crew who is not eligible for the boat this year. At the same time the chances are that Stevenson, Fennessy, and Bullard will be the only members of that crew who will row next June. Townsend and Lewis are now rowing, but they are not strong enough to make the crew again, especially as some of the new candidates are regarded as promising. At present R. H. Stevenson, who played end on the foot-ball eleven two years ago, is stroking the crew, and Captain Fennessy is at seven, where he rowed last year. T. Stevenson has not yet begun training. Two or three of last year's freshman eight are doing well, and it seems as though Harvard had better material to select from than she had last year.

Captain Armstrong, of the Yale crew, has not yet called his men out, but there is plenty of time, for he has six veterans to begin with, and any number of strong, able fellows who will be only too glad to train for the crew even if the chance of getting on it this year is very small. Armstrong, Treadway, Holcomb, Beard, Datur, and Cross are eligible for the boat again; the only men lost are Johnson and Rogers. With such material at his command, no wonder that Armstrong does not see the need of hurrying. Although boating at Cambridge is now on a better foundation than it has been for years, the chances of a Yale victory were almost never brighter, and it would be difficult indeed to find any one daring to predict that Harvard will do more than give Yale a good race.

If reports which have recently come from New Haven are to be believed, Yale and Harvard are likely soon to come to an agreement in regard to a dual league in all the branches of intercollegiate athletics. The Yale faculty is now looking askance at intercollegiate contests in the great cities of the country, and the students would not be in the least surprised if, in the future, all games were prohibited outside of New Haven, Cambridge, and possibly New London and Springfield. Such a regulation would, of course, mean that hereafter Yale would make Harvard her only athletic rival. The students and faculty at Cambridge have long been willing to come to some such understanding. The adoption of the plan at both places seems very probable now, although it may not be brought about for some time. Harvard will be entirely willing to drop the University of Pennsylvania and confine her attention almost solely to the wearers of the blue.

It is getting to be impossible to decide any

longer the intercollegiate championship in any sport. The smaller colleges as well as the larger ones have made great strides in athletics during the last three years, and no college team can hope in a single year to meet every other and prove its superiority. It is time that Harvard and Yale, the natural rivals, should devote their attention to their mutual struggle, and it alone. Then let Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania make a similar arrangement and all the politics in athletics, of which we have heard and read so much, will no longer be necessary.

John Mervill.

The Traffic in Police Appointments.

THAT WAS AN amazing spectacle which was presented at a recent sitting of the Lexow committee, when Police Commissioner Martin and Superintendent Byrnes were called to account for their remarkable course in suspending Police Captain Creeden for telling the truth in reference to the traffic in police appointments. Creeden, who is a veteran of the Civil War, and who is universally conceded to be an efficient officer, testified that he had paid fifteen thousand dollars for his appointment as captain. He went into all the details of the transaction, and asserted that the money, in his belief, went to John R. Voorhis, who was appointing police commissioner at the time. His testimony was confirmed by one Reppenhagen, who declared that he had paid ten thousand dollars of the money to ex-Assemblyman John Martin, who was the closest political friend of Mr. Voorhis. The committee, in view of the service he had rendered his country in the Civil War, and to the police force as well as to the public in the disclosures he had made, publicly thanked Captain Creeden, and united in an expression that he ought not to be disturbed in his present official position. In the face of this fact, the police commissioners subsequently, on the recommendation of Superintendent Byrnes, suspended the captain. The superintendent and Commissioner Martin were summoned before the committee, who felt that they had outraged decency by their course in suspending an officer for giving honest testimony while they failed to suspend other officers who were under indictment for bribery. These officials, upon examination, disclaimed any intention to act in contempt of the committee, affirming that they were not aware of its action in the captain's case. This disclaimer, however, although accompanied by the speedy restoration of Captain Creeden, was very naturally regarded as a wholly inadequate explanation of their strange proceeding, and it is quite safe to say that the public suspicions as to the integrity of the commission, and the belief that it has trafficked systematically in appointments and promotions, have been greatly strengthened by this peculiar transaction. These recent disclosures, and the confession of "Ward-man" Thorne, implicating eight captains in bribe-taking and protecting crime, make it the more absolutely necessary that the investigation should proceed until the higher officials, who are chiefly responsible for the existing demoralization of the police force, are brought to deserved punishment.

The confession of Thorne, who is under indictment for perjury and bribery, is exhaustive and specific in its details. He was appointed in 1882, and was ward-man under all the captains whom he implicates, except two, and he gives names, dates, sums of money taken, and the general methods of the systematic "collections" pursued by him for the benefit of his principals. He also gives the addresses of the policy-shops and pool-rooms which purchased "protection." One captain is said by him to have paid nineteen thousand dollars for his promotion, but the general price was from twelve thousand dollars to fifteen thousand dollars.

FOUR PLAYERS

"The Manxman."

PEOPLE will witness "The Manxman" for two reasons—to see Wilson Barrett, or to view a reproduction of Hall Caine's wonderful story. The first-mentioned desire may be pleasingly gratified; the second is impossible. To read your Shakespeare before seeing his play is an advantage, but to read your Hall Caine before seeing your Wilson Barrett is distinctly a mistake.

For instance, the Philip Christian of the book shows considerable nobility of character. The Philip of the play is one who not only breaks his oath and violates the lifelong trust of his

dearest friend, but also appears more than ever a cad when he abandons Kate Cregeen in order to cling to his chance of becoming chief magistrate. Yet the book has dealt in a lengthy way with those unacknowledged, secret, and potent influences which so often go far toward comprehension of human error; and the genius of his work is that he retains some sympathy for Philip in spite of all his guilt. The fact that people like D. Appleton & Company have gone to such expense in publishing "The Manxman" in America is a sufficient guarantee of its value. But in the play nearly all the nuances and artistic explanatory subtleties are gone. Somebody has made a manx cat of this manx story; the tale is not there.

Nevertheless, like "Hamlet" reduced to opera, Hall Caine's work can stand a deal of spoiling before becoming colorless, and there is much charm in the candor, simplicity, and trustfulness of Pete Quilliam—especially when these strong qualities meet with unmerited heartbreak. While it is clear that Mr. Wilson Barrett has attempted an impossible task in satisfactorily staging this classic, we must, while regretting the temporary withdrawal of the play, praise the cleverness with which the mechanism of the novel has been twisted to present necessary effects. Nothing could be more original and artistic than the ending of the play. After all their troubles, Pete, Philip, and Kate meet for the last time. The life of each of them is broken. Forgiveness is possible, but the indelible memory of cruel wrong necessitate lifelong separation. They part—each one taking a different way. For a moment the audience waits—perhaps for some one to reappear. But, no; the end has come! No one is seen again. And the curtain slowly descends to cover up an empty stage. Nothing could more eloquently tell of the utter desolation that has come upon those three who loved. Ju'cea is laid waste, and over the deserted lands the sun of life has set.

STINSON JARVIS.

"The Cotton King."

"THE COTTON KING," which has made such a hit at the Academy of Music in this city, is an English melodrama of a good old-fashioned type, dear to the hearts of the "gallery gods." The play is in five acts, and the gist of the plot runs about like this: Jack Osborne, the Cotton King (Mr. Eben Plympton), an American of English parentage, having amassed a fortune through speculations in cotton, returns to England, and as an investment, backed up by a true sentiment, buys the Ashton Mills at Hampton, in which his parents had worked. Incidentally he falls in love with Hetty Drayson (Miss May Wheeler), who is also loved in a peculiarly melodramatic way by the villain of the piece, Richard Stockley, manager of the Ashton Mills (Mr. Cuyler Hastings). The course of true love never did run smoothly, and in this case its course is by way of a raging torrent. Stockley ruins Osborne by means of false telegrams concerning the cotton market, puts the theft of money from the office safe on the hero's broad shoulders, and finally, when Osborne has returned to New York to repair his fortunes, decoys him into a lunatic asylum under the name of Ford, and thus, by making Hetty believe her sweetheart is dead, hopes to win her for himself. But Osborne returns, and everybody is made happy; but Stockley is merely arrested. He is such a villainous villain that adequate compensation for all his wickedness would be to see him "drawn and quartered" in full view of the audience.

The scene of the play is Act V., showing the mill with the machinery in full operation, turning out bolt after bolt of cotton cloth. In this act, too, the villain does the worst trick of all by throwing Hetty into the elevator shaft and turning loose the elevator to crush her to death. You see the girl in the shaft, and the elevator slowly descending upon her, when her shrieks and cries for help bring on her Jack, who bursts open the cage with an axe and rescues his

Hetty within an inch of her life. It is a most sensational incident, and quite takes your breath. Another beautiful scenic effect is the exterior of the Ashton Mills office and the mill-yard at night. From the front this is a beautiful set; in fact, pictorially the best in the play. There are several quick scenic changes, notably in Act II. (three changes), and Act III. (two changes), all of which are well handled. The play throughout goes well with its audiences, as there is plenty of spice and variety.

A Royal Wedding.

THE marriage of the new Czar of Russia to Princess Alix of Hesse, which was celebrated in the interior of the palace in St. Petersburg on November 26th, was marked by great pomp of the court and of the church, but without any parade or signs of festivity in the city, which was still swathed in emblems of mourning for the late Emperor. There was, however, generous popular acclamation in the streets and public places through which the state carriages passed conveying the bride and imperial bridegroom. There was no escort of soldiers; only a few Cossacks rode in front to clear the road. The police did not interfere with the crowds, which pressed close on the imperial carriage and cheered with wild excitement, waving their caps and handkerchiefs while shouting for the Czar. The house-roofs, windows, and balconies were filled with spectators. There was in attendance at the ceremony a great array of kingly and princely dignitaries, and the spectacle, with the variety of brilliant uniforms, and jewels bedecking the ladies, is described as one of great splendor. Still more interesting was the scene in the comparatively small chapel, where the elaborate ritualistic and symbolical forms of marriage, according to the prescribed custom of the Russian Church, were performed by the metropolitan archbishop of St. Petersburg, with the assistance of numerous priests

(Continued on page 434.)

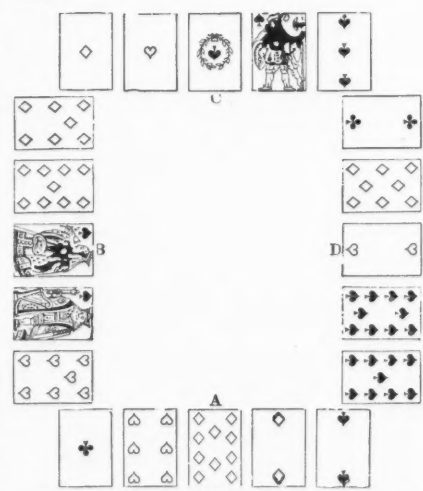
OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

Whist Practice.

DR. WILLIAM POLE, the noted English authority on whist, says: "It is no wonder that simple folk who have not studied the game should consider it a very easy matter. But this is a delusion which is easy to dispel. Take the four hands and expose them on the table face upward, and then, under that immensely simplifying condition, find out how two partners could play their hands to the best advantage as against the best possible play."

To illustrate Dr. Pole's point, we give the following "double dummy" problem, and challenge any one to solve it without handling the cards:



Clubs trumps. A to lead, and with his partner C to take all five trumps.

There is no other compound or mixture that can take the place of ROYAL BAKING POWDER, or that will make cake, biscuit, griddle-cakes, doughnuts, bread, etc., so light, sweet, palatable, and wholesome.

Take no substitutes
for Royal Baking Powder

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., N. Y.



Two of the Latest Paris Costumes.

ONE of the two toilettes in our design is a house robe, and the other is a visiting toilette. This last is in crisp black silk, encircled by two flounces slightly gathered. The chief attraction of this toilette is in the rich collar which accompanies it.

The first cape is in caracul, striped with fine jet galon and edged with a band of black Mongolia, which continues around the stole of the front. The second cape is in reddish violet miroir velvet, ornamented with a design in jet and dull-gold beads, and finished with a collar of Mongolia. The hat is of fuchsia velvet, enveloped in rich ostrich plumes with a jetted bird in front. A large muff of Mongolia completes this elegant toilette.

Ermine, which in olden times was used al-

most exclusively in royal attire, holds at present an equally important place in modern toilettes. In fact, this fur in its immaculate white is the richest of garnitures; and the other day at a grand wedding in the *haut ton*, among the many beautiful toilettes, one most remarkable was a robe of dahlia velvet, with a *cuirasse* and square epaulets of ermine. Another delicious toilette in Parma violet velvet was completed with an elegant *collet*, very full, in ermine, edged all round with a fringe formed of the black tails of this little animal.

But to return to our second costume, which is an exquisite house robe of water-green Liberty tissue, bordered with three knife pleatings of mousseline de soie. These are dotted with *choux*, which, like the girdle, sleeve ornaments,

and large square collar, is in *blenet* velvet, a little *figaro* of velvet being overlaid with rare old lace, the pattern of which is outlined with gold thread. The *figaro* is held together by two bands of velvet separated by a frilling of white mousseline de soie.

All of the new neck garnitures continue to create a furore; in mousseline de soie, in gauze, in *coques* of ribbon, each adds a little improvement to the toilette. Those of black gauze are enlivened with two knots of flowers. The enormous ruches are not pleasing; and the tails of our horses are adorned with knots of ribbon to match our neck garnitures. The last novelty is to decorate the collars with fur and flowers and lace, a combination which renders the feminine attractions more irresistible than ever.

Flowers appear to have reached their highest perfection, and, as before stated, the dahlia in all tints is the vogue of the moment, and notwithstanding that this flower with its symmetrical petals is not particularly lovely, it is the decree of fashion.

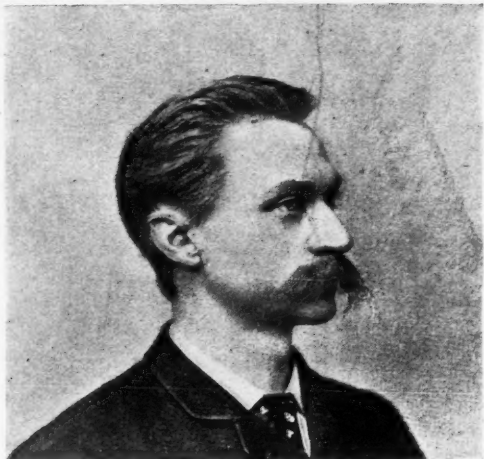
ELLA STARR.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma who send name and address on a postal-card. A trial costs you nothing.



MRS. ELIZABETH B. GRANNIS, THE SOCIAL PURITY REFORMER.—PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS. [SEE PAGE 427.]



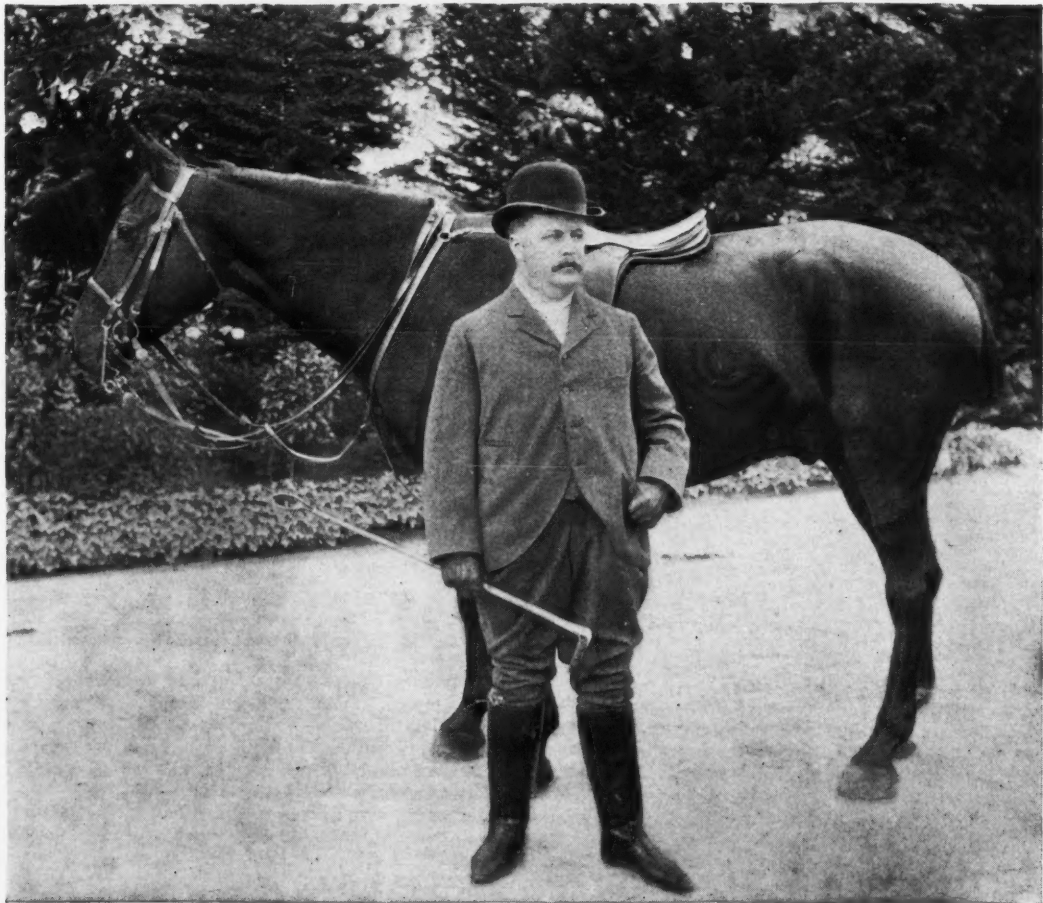
SAMUEL C. SEELY, THE DEFAULTING BOOK-KEEPER OF THE NATIONAL SHOE AND LEATHER BANK.—[SEE PAGE 427.]



BUILDING OF THE NATIONAL SHOE AND LEATHER BANK, NEW YORK CITY. PHOTOGRAPH BY HEMMENT.



REV. THOMAS JAMES DUCEY, WHOSE CONTROVERSY WITH ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN ATTRACTS NATIONAL ATTENTION.—PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK.—[SEE PAGE 427.]



THE FIRST SAN FRANCISCO HORSE SHOW—HENRY J. CROCKER, PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION, AND HIS PRINCE CLAY.—PHOTOGRAPH BY C. W. J. JOHNSON. [SEE PAGE 427.]



THE CEREMONY IN THE CHAPEL OF THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.
London Graphic.



THE BRIDE AND THE EMPRESS DOWAGER ARRIVING AT THE WINTER PALACE.
Illustrated London News.



THE BRIDE RECEIVING HOLY WATER BEFORE THE WEDDING.
Illustrated London News.



THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN THE CHAPEL OF THE WINTER PALACE—CROWNING THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.—*Illustrated London News.*

ORANGE-BLOSSOMS AND FUNERAL DRAPERIES—THE RUSSIAN ROYAL WEDDING IN A TIME OF NATIONAL SORROW.—[SEE PAGE 430]

A Royal Wedding.

(Continued from page 430.)

or clergy. The ceremony lasted nearly two hours. When it was ended the Czar kissed his bride and the newly-wedded pair approached the widowed Czarina, before whom they offered thanks. They also kissed the picture of the Virgin, which is supposed to have been painted by St. Luke. The relic is covered with jewels so that only the face is visible. Upon the neck is a necklace of diamonds and emeralds, and the head is surmounted by a diamond crown. The bride wore a jeweled crown and a robe of white brocade silk, with a mantle of strawberry-colored velvet trimmed with gold and a double row of ermine.

The Czar signaled his marriage by issuing a manifesto remitting certain debts due from peasants for crown loans made during the last famine, the arrears of taxes, and many fines, and commuting the sentences of certain prisoners. He also canceled the liability to punishment in cases of criminals not detected within fifteen years. All convicts from the Polish rebellion of 1863 will be allowed to reside anywhere in the empire. Their birthrights, but no property, will be restored. All reports agree that the new Czar is popular with the people, and seems to be disposed toward a liberal policy.

HER IDEA OF IT.

AUNTIE—"Well, Ethel, how did you like your Turkish bath?"

Ethel (breathlessly)—"Oh, auntie, it was awful! I was in tears all over my body."—Judge.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

No Christmas and New Year's table should be without a bottle of Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned appetizer of exquisite flavor. Beware of counterfeits.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription, and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address E. H. HUNGERFORD, Box A. 331, Albion, Michigan.

The autumn effects on the picturesque Lehigh Valley Railroad are not surpassed, and rarely equaled, by those of any other railroad on this continent. The varied and constantly changing foliage, widely and richly distributed, affords a pleasure that cannot be described in words.

Every accommodation is afforded the traveler to take in the grandeur of this wonderfully picturesque route. Fine coaches, large windows, descriptive literature, and everything to secure comfort, are to be found on this line.

Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort. No smoke, no dust, no cinders. For full information and illustrated descriptive matter address Charles S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.

A GLOOMY OUTLOOK

is that of the dyspeptic, but his face will brighten when he knows that Ripans Tablets cure that terrible disorder and will make him a cheerful and happy man.

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Consumption.

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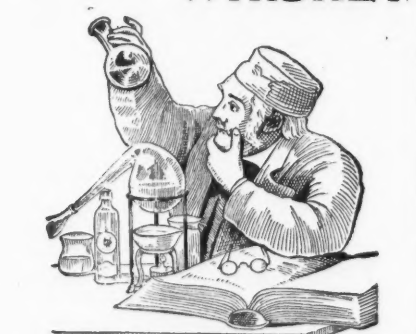
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